

THE STATE REPUBLICAN

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CURRENT TOPICS.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.
FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS

In the Senate, on the 15th, a resolution calling for a report from the Fish Commission on the proposed fish hatchery in Northern New York, was passed, as was a bill to terminate the reduction in number of the Engineer Corps of the navy. A bill to define certain treaty stipulations was debated and then passed. In the House the following Senate bills were made by Messrs. Calkins, Cockrell and Bate. A number of building bills and private relief measures were passed. In the House the following Senate bills were made by Messrs. Calkins, Cockrell and Bate. A number of building bills and private relief measures were passed.

In the Senate, on the 15th, Mr. Stanford made a lengthy address in support of his Government Loan bill, which was referred to the finance committee. The Printing Bill was passed. Mr. Blair made a long humorous personal explanation to show the falsity of a published story that he was not on good terms with the President. Mr. Blair, Mr. Gilman and Mr. Stewart (Republican) spoke in opposition to the Federal Elections bill. In the House the conference report on the bill conferring powers on the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad in the District of Columbia was agreed to, as was also, the conference report on the bill amending the act to divide the Sioux Indians in Dakota.

In the Senate, on the 24th, after the passage of a number of private pension bills, in the morning hour, the Federal Elections bill was taken up, and Mr. Spooner made a long speech in support of the measure. In the House a number of conference reports on public building bills were agreed to. The Urgency Deficiency bill, with Senate amendments, was then discussed, and was finally returned to the Senate with one amendment—relating to pay of Senate employees—agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 22d, the day's session was devoted to the discussion of the Federal Elections bill. Mr. Higgins made a long speech in support of the bill, and Mr. Voorhees another long address in opposition to it. The bill was then passed. The adjournment at 3:15 p. m., was spent in considering matters pertaining to the District of Columbia.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.
SENATOR PLATT introduced a resolution, on the 20th, which was laid on the table, authorizing the President to purchase a quantity of Dr. Koch's lymph from the German Government and to obtain the formula for it, and appropriating \$100,000 for that purpose.

The Wells-Fargo Express Company declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. on the 20th.

The bill appropriating \$50,000 for a statue of General Francis Marion, to be erected in Columbia, S. C., was reported favorably to the Senate on the 20th.

The Baker heater in a first-class coach of the Chicago & Grand Trunk railroad west-bound passenger train passing through Battle Creek, Mich., on the morning of the 20th, exploded, mowing the car with live coals and gas. The coals fell over the passengers, badly burning several, and setting fire to the seats and woodwork in many places.

The Albernaght Company's enormous oil depot in Amsterdam, Holland, was burned on the 20th. Total loss, \$500,000.

The famous trial of Eyraud, the Parisian stranger, and his accomplice, Gabrielle Bonaparte, was concluded on the 20th. The jury returning a verdict of guilty as to both culprits, but with extenuating circumstances as to the woman. Eyraud was sentenced to death by the guillotine and Gabrielle Bonaparte received a sentence of twenty years imprisonment with hard labor.

The case of ex-Mayor Pendleton of Fort Worth, Tex., promises some interesting developments. It appears that the law firm of Hughes & Campbell, of New York City, who "procured" the divorce for Pendleton, forged the document and also had made to order a counterfeit of the seal of Cook County, Ill., where with to authenticate the document. Pendleton is after the law with blood on his hands.

GUSTAV REYLLIARD, the noted Swiss writer and archaeologist, died in Cairo, Egypt, on the 23d. He bequeathed his valuable private museum and a fortune of over \$100,000 to his native place, Geneva. He was seventy-three years of age.

The citizens' committee, consisting of members of the Board of Trade and the Oregon Board of Commerce, have raised a guarantee fund of \$100,000 for the purpose of starting an independent Democratic newspaper in Portland, Ore.

SEVERAL of the English iron masters in the Cleveland district have given notice that on account of the condition of trade they will be compelled to make a large reduction of wages in January.

EDWARD DUCKEIT, a New Orleans boy of nine years, was murdered, on the 23d, by an insane man named Frank Morris, aged twenty-six years. The boy was passing Morris' house on his bicycle when Morris rushed out of the gate with an ax and struck him on the back of the head with the edge of the weapon, killing him instantly.

ST. BERNARD'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, on Fourteenth street near Eighth avenue, New York City, was destroyed by fire between 6 and 7 a. m. on the 23d. The loss is estimated at \$75,000; insurance, \$60,000. The church was built in 1875 at a cost, including the ground, of \$100,000.

A BALTIMORE man signing himself William Duvall has been working all the prominent Senators at Washington by pretending to have named his first-born son for them and appealing to their generosity and pride for material assistance, and in many cases was successful. Senators Mansfield, of Nebraska, however, unmasked the fake.

THE trial of the cruiser Newark, on the 23d, was a pronounced success, and was completed without any hitch or accident. The logs showed a speed attained of 19.6 knots per hour, while the engines developed a little over 9,000 horse-power. If this is borne out by the official report the Cramps will realize \$30,000 premium.

THE Boston Chamber of Commerce has adopted a memorial to Congress urging the negotiation of a commercial treaty which will allow of the free exchange of certain specified products of the United States and Newfoundland.

the advantage of both, and which should secure to all our vessels the entry to all ports and bays of the colony for trading and fishing, subject only to the conditions imposed on vessels of the colony.

REV. DR. ALLEN VERNER, a minister of the Baptist church, died at Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 23d, aged ninety-two years.

JACOB THURMAN, aged sixty-three, died at Madison, Ind., on the 23d, of an awful and a peculiar disease. Huge ulcers had formed all over his lower limbs, eating holes in his flesh as big as turnips. These ulcers gradually extended up until they reached his heart and lungs, hence his death.

BER EUBANKS pleaded guilty to the murder of his sister Mary at Bedford, Ind., on the 23d, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. His father, Mortimer Eubanks, indicted as accessory, also pleaded guilty, but sentence was deferred.

A SCOTCH candidate, with James Logan, of Glasgow, Scotland, at its head, has secured control of the plant of the Forest Milling Company at Cedar Falls, Ia. The sale also includes five other oatmeal mills in that vicinity.

THOMAS HOAGS, employed in the St. Peter Starch Works at Des Moines, Ia., fell against a rapidly-revolving shaft on the 23d. He was whirled at a speed of 120 revolutions a minute and thrown a distance of fifteen feet, alighting stark naked in a tank of water. His injuries are probably fatal.

THE Kansas Insane Asylum at Topeka is so crowded with patients that the permanent has notified the Probate Judge of Atchison that thirteen of the thirty-five Atchison County patients therein confined will have to be removed to some other place.

ON the 23d Mrs. Johanne Daily was found dead in bed at Lafayette, Ind. The discovery was made by Sheriff McKee, who had gone to the house to evict her, the result of a foreclosure of a mortgage. The loss of her home deranged her mind, and she took a dose of arsenic. She was eighty years old.

A RUMOR was current in Buenos Ayres on the 23d, that a plot to overthrow the Argentine Government had been discovered. Several persons are said to have been arrested for complicity in the conspiracy.

A LIONESS discovered lurking near the Halebank railway station in Liverpool, England, on the 23d, was shot. Its presence, which created terror in the neighborhood, could not be accounted for.

NEAR South Louisville, Ky., on the 23d, Lillie Van Arsdale, a girl sixteen years of age, was struck by a train and killed. She was on her way to school, walking on the track, which is double, and when she heard the train approaching stepped on the wrong track.

JAMES C. MCGREGOR, one of the wealthiest citizens of Terre Haute, Ind., was instantly killed on the 23d, while out hunting five miles north of the city. He leaves a wife and three children. The deceased was about fifty-two years old and retired from the mercantile business.

THE East-End street-car stables at Fort Wayne, Ind., were burned on the night of the 23d. Sixty head of horses perished in the flames. This, with harness and a large amount of hay and grain, makes the loss foot up about \$20,000.

THE Congo Technical Commission has formally agreed that America shall have the same rights as other powers in the Congo State, although the United States Government did not ratify the Berlin act.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.
In the Senate, on the 23d, Mr. Morgan during the morning hour spoke in support of his resolution directing the committee on privileges and elections to amend the Elections bill so as to include in existing law the method to be used in the Elections bill was then taken up and Senators Call and McPherson spoke in opposition to the bill. Mr. Aldrich presented his closure resolution later in the afternoon, with the request that it lie on the table and be printed. In the House after the reading of the journal and its approval, and the Speaker's announcement of assignments of several members to committees, adjournment was taken until the 29th.

Mrs. HARRIET WORRELL, said to be the champion chess player of the country, attempted suicide at College Point, L. I., on the 23d, by drinking a quantity of carbolic acid. She is the widow of Captain Worrell, a wealthy Englishman, who held a high place in Mexico during Maximilian's reign.

THE Territorial Legislature of Oklahoma adjourned, on the 23d, without having provided a criminal code to take the place of that of Nebraska, which they were authorized by the act of incorporation to use until the Legislature met. The President has asked Congress to supply the omission.

THE President has appointed the following additional commissioners to the World's Fair: David W. Curtis, alternate for Wisconsin; Louis Williams, commissioner for Alaska; Carl Spohn, alternate for Alaska; M. A. Fulker, alternate for Alaska; Edward DeCroff, commissioner for Alaska.

THE election held, on the 23d, to fill the seat in the House of Commons made vacant by the death of Mr. Marum, member for North Kilkenny, Ireland resulted in the return of Sir John Pope Hennessy, the anti-Parnellite candidate, by a handsome majority.

REV. JAMES BLACK, D. D., LL. D., professor of languages at Wooster (O.) University, died on the 23d. Dr. Black was a class-mate of Secretary Blaine at Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania. He was sixty-five years of age.

THE residence of Victor Rogers, at Jessville, Mich., was burned on the 23d, and his two children, aged three and ten years, respectively, perished in the flames.

MARY ELEANOR WHEELER, alias Mrs. Peabody, was hanged in London, on the 23d, for the murder of Mrs. Phoebe Hogg and her infant child in October last.

CHRISTMAS ON THE POLLY.



With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And lead the tempests blow.

The captain's fingers rested on the pretty, curly head.
"To-morrow will be Christmas day," the little maiden said.
"Do you suppose that Santa Claus will find us on the sea?"
And near a rugged sailor cast a loving glance at that night.

Lead laughed the jovial captain, and "By my faith," he cried,
"If he should see me I'll let him know he has a friend inside!"
And near a rugged sailor cast a loving glance at that night.

At the stove pipe where a lonely little stocking fluttered white.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And lead the tempests blow.

On the good ship "Polly" the Christmas sun looked down,
And on a smiling little face beneath a golden hood.
No happier child he saw that day, on sea or on land,
Than the captain's little daughter with her tresses in her hand.

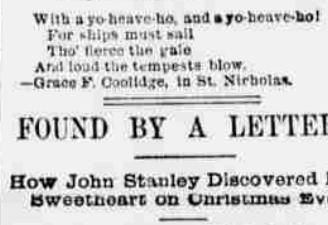
For never was a stocking so filled with such things!
There were bracelets made of pretty shells,
And rosy coral strings;
An elephant carved from a bit of ivory tusk;
A fan, an alligator's tooth and a little bag of musk.

Not a tar aboard the "Polly" but felt the Christmas cheer,
For the captain's little daughter was to every sailor dear.
They heard a Christmas carol in the shrieking whistling gale,
For a little child had touched them with her simple, loving tale.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And lead the tempests blow.
— Grace F. Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.

FOUND BY A LETTER.

How John Stanley Discovered His Sweetheart on Christmas Eve.



T had been a busy, wearisome day with me, ever since the clanging bells and screeching whistles had startled that winter morning precisely at seven o'clock. Worse than that, it had proven one of those vexatious periods that sometimes come upon a man, in which the chain of life becomes so intricately tangled that the more we try to smooth it out the more we add to its complication.

Since the wage-workers' inexorable summons had warned the tardy ones of their danger on that crisp morning, just one day before Christmas, until now, at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, it had been a veritable black-letter day with me, both literally and metaphorically. My head ached and my eyes were dim and blurred. The typewriter, too, had been in a sort of rebellious, cranky mood, as though protesting against the incessant strain that had been put upon it. To-morrow was Christmas day, and I had been thwarted in my intention to go home and enjoy it. I was out of sorts.

It was 5:30 p. m., and a cold winter day. The cranky typewriter had ceased its petulant clicking, and rested in its corner in moody silence, as who should say: "I've been shamefully abused to-day."



"CAN YOU WRITE A LETTER, MISS?" The weary fingers that had manipulated the keys for nine tedious hours rested upon the dingy window-sill, and the eyes that had followed steadily the hateful alphabet all day were now resting upon the wagons, the noiseless cars, and the mass of pedestrians, going in two opposite streams over the bridge.

So, while the weary hands rested on the sill of the window, and the tired body leaned for support against the casing, and the aching eyes seemed to revel in the scene before me, I was, mentally, in Dayton, N. H., a village two hundred miles away from this town. A humble cottage met my vision, and my ears were drinking in the sweet tones of tenderness peculiar to a

mother's voice, soft and pleasant, like the smoothest of any I have ever known, and kissed my forehead. I could almost catch the gentle tones with which I knew she would address me, were I present now.

"Come, my child, and remember that a mother's prayers are always with you, and that she who cares for the sparrows will also watch over you and give you strength for the battle of life. It is hard, I know."

"Can you write a letter, Miss?" The bridge and its great panorama had long since vanished from my physical senses; the village home swiftly followed now. I came out of my dream-life with a painful shock which left me for a moment speechless. I looked at the man dumfounded. He seemed what, in my limited experience, a Western miller might be called a "broad-brimmed" fellow, with a coarse, red face, and a pair of eyes that seemed to stare at me with a look of intense interest.

"Can I write a letter?" I interrogated, mechanically, still gazing at him blankly.

"That's about the size of it, Miss," he assented, with a slight relaxation of his salaried look. "You see, Miss, I've just come from Leadville, where I've been for about ten years. I've made lots of money out there in the mines and I've come back to settle down. I've got to stay in the city for a week or two on some business, and so I thought I'd just get some one to write a letter for me to my old mother."

"I'll write your letter," I said, promptly. The "old mother" had settled the matter with me.

"But," said I, thoughtlessly, "why do you not write it yourself? Your mother, I am sure, would value it more if written by you."

"Guess I couldn't do it, Miss," he said, with a pained look. "I'm learning to write, but I'm afraid the old mother couldn't read my writing now." He had picked up my pencil, and was scribbling on a piece of paper. "Could you read that?" he asked, handing it to me.

"I managed to decipher 'mother,' but that was all I could make out."

"You used your left hand," said I; "why do you not learn to write with your right, instead?" Thoughtlessly the question was put, and it produced a deeper pain on his face.

"Oh! I know how to write with that," said he, hesitatingly.

I noticed his increasing perplexity, and also the fact that he did not write with his right arm from his coat pocket.

"Then why do you not use that hand?" I urged, still blunderingly.

"Well, Miss, you see I left that hand out in Leadville. An explosion took it off."

He had put the pencil down, and looked quite discouraged at his efforts. I longed to make amends for the pain I had thoughtlessly occasioned; so I went to the little typewriter, saying: "I will write your letter on this."

"But what is that?" he asked, with a puzzled look, laying his hand on the machine.

I explained by showing him a sheet of the typewriter. He looked it over quizzically and handed it back to me with a negative shake of the head, saying: "Not any for me, Miss. The poor old mother wouldn't like it. She'd think it was newspaper work. I want her to have a real, genuine, hand-written letter; something more sociable like, you know."

I hesitated for an instant. I was tired and wanted to get away from the office. Of course I could write his letter with pen and ink; but it was only a question whether I should humor him or not. I decided in his favor. I had been musing. I had a long-absent friend also, out in the Western country some where. He had left a mother—and me—years ago. We were very dear to each other once, but a light cloud separated us; and yet I loved him still. Perhaps we might yet meet under more joyous circumstances. Who knows?

The stranger noticed my hesitation, momentary though it was, and ventured: "Mother would be so pleased to have it."

"Yes, of course," I interrupted, fully decided. I seized a pen, and, placing a sheet of paper before me, said I was all ready to proceed.

"I want it to go something like this," he began, thoughtfully: "Dear old mother—"

"I want it to be kind and tender like; just like I'd talk to her if she was here."

"Yes," I assented, holding my pen poised.

"But to tell it all to a stranger—"

"Yes, I understand; but now can I write it for you unless you do?" I urged.

Then I added: "You can speak freely to me. I have a mother, too; a good way from here, and I can imagine I am writing to her."

"That's so," he replied, brightening, while something almost like a blush overspread his bronzed face.

"Then I'll go ahead," I said to her. "Your boy, who left you ten years ago, on whose head you laid your dear hand and gave your parting blessing, and told him to remember you always, and that—that God would take care of him—if—"

I waited patiently for him to finish the sentence, without looking up, till I heard a suppressed sob. Then I saw his strong man choked with emotion, and his eyes glistening with the fiercely repressed tears.

"Beg pardon, Miss; I always feel a little babyish when I think of her. Go on, now. Say: 'If in every time of temptation, he would take a look at his mother's picture, and think how she was praying for him. Your boy will be with you again in about a week, never to leave you again while you live.'"

I finished, and he simply said: "Sign it 'John,' Miss."

I was disappointed. I had the good to know his full name at least. A vague presentiment had been taking possession of me that this was a crisis in my life. I ridiculed the idea, and tried to



"PLEASE DIRECT IT."

If you'd just put a bit of a post—what do you call it?" he said, coloring like a school-girl.

"Postscript?" I suggested. "Certainly."

"Tell mother," he said, as I took up my pen again, "that I wish she'd remember me—no, not that word—give my love to—my little girl out there. If she isn't married, I'll jerked out those words, and turned his flushed face away from me."

My heart beat painfully. Was this to be the realization of my presentment? I could scarcely trace the words of this cruel postscript for my hand trembled violently. I tried to move the pen mechanically, as I would strike the keys of the dumb typewriter, but the words were scarcely legible. He took the latter again, and pored over the last lines. He seemed puzzled. He held it in different positions, and finally said:

"I can just make it out. It doesn't look pretty, like the other part of the letter. 'Tisn't much better than my left-handed scribble," he laughed, looking up. "Oh! I beg pardon, Miss," he exclaimed, as he looked into my pained eyes. "I suppose you're tired. Been working too hard. I'm a brute. I'll do very well, I guess."

"Now Miss," he said, in gentle tones, "if you'll direct it for me I'll be obliged."

That voice, softened to this pitch, was not unknown to me, and I turned myself to direct that letter with his love conveyed in it—by my hand, too—to another. He had to repeat the request, however, before I could rouse myself.

"Please direct it to Mrs. Jane Stanley, at Dayton, N. H.," he said, slowly.

My hand that held the pen rose suddenly in the air like the arm of one first stricken with the palsy. What if I were a dizziness seized me, and I fell backward, but not far. A strong arm held me up. A glass of water revived me, and I heard him say: "Poor child! She's worn out."

"Are you John Stanley?" I asked, as he raised me to a sitting posture.

"Of course I'm John Stanley," said he, regarding me with surprise.

I was shaking with the violence of an ague and my face burned as though all my hot blood had centered there as I said: "I am Annie Sinclair."

Something between a groan and a miner's shout of joy at the discovery of a rich "lead" of silver escaped him as I was unconsciously gathered tightly into the grizzly bearskin coat of this terrible stranger. What if I were a mistake? There might be other John Stanleys. Oh, yes; there might be other Annie Sinclairs who worked ten hours a day on typewriters. I might not be myself, and John might not.

"My own little girl! To think I've got you to write a letter to mother and to give my love to yourself!" he exclaimed. And forgetful how tired I was he hugged me to his breast again and again. It was like being squeezed by a bear, I think. I made feeble struggles to release myself, but I could not make this miner relinquish his claim, which he had staked out ten years ago. I tried to convince him that he had forfeited this claim by neglect; that it was long since outlawed by lapse of time. It was no use to argue with him at all. I think it was John, who first discovered the presence of my employer in the office. He had witnessed part of the wild scene. His countenance was a study. Surprise, amusement and displeasure blended there.

"It's all right, Mr. —. This is my little girl. I left her about ten years ago. My claim is good yet."

"I must congratulate you upon your good fortune, then," said Mr. Brunley, taking his hand.

"I want to pay you, Annie, for writing my letter," said John, turning to me. "I am already paid," I said, blushing. I turned my back on the hateful typewriter the following week and accomplished John's letter—Edward A. Boyden in Blue and Leather Reporter.